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MEMOIR OF

MAHA RAJAH RUNJEET SINGH,

CHIEF OF LAHORE AND CACHMINE.

THE career of this extraordinary chieftain develops the character of a man, born to change, or materially influence, the destinies of a vast portion of mankind. Proud, restless, ungovernable, impatient of restraint, he rules with despotism over twenty millions of people; and from a licentious love of power, and unbounded ambition, aided by the fertile powers of his mighty genius, has risen from a common thief to be a conqueror of princes! Possessed of a considerable and well-disciplined army, numerous foundries and arsenals, a regular government, and a wealthy exchequer, he has become the friend and ally of the British government in India!

Runjeet Singh is represented as having no

education in any branch of learning or science. He cannot read or write in any language; he does not value knowledge for its own sake, but he has the sense and discretion to appreciate and apply for his own advantage, that of others; yet he is in the habit of hearing papers read in Persian, Punjabee and Hindoo. He is the chief administrator of justice in his kingdom; but each village has a judge, who decides minor offences. The king is easily accessible, and any one of his subjects can plead his own cause before him. A child without a home, or a man without bread, can prefer his request to the Rajah, and never fail of his application, if he should appear a worthy object of his bounty. He

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displays perspicuity in his appreciation of character, and the power of tracing the motives of other's actions, gives him a command and influence over all who approach him. His observations and remarks are given ordinarily in short, terse, incoherent phrases, or in the shape of interrogatories. He has great power of dissimulation, and under the greatest frankness of manner, and even familiarity of intercourse, can veil subtle designs and even treachery.

In action he is personally brave and collected; but his plans have displayed no boldness or adventurous hazard. His fertility in expedients has been wonderful. His uniform career and conduct through life prove him to be selfish, sensual, and licentious in the extreme, regardless of all ties of affection, blood or friendship, in the pursuit of ambition or pleasure; he is represented as prodigately greedy, plundering and reducing to misery, without the slightest feeling of remorse, widows, orphans, and families. But, however, he is not blood-thirsty, for he has never taken life, even under circumstances of great aggravation. Runjeet Singh is not therefore altogether a barbarian: indeed his laws prohibit the punishment of death. A criminal sometimes has his nose or his ears cut off, but never his head. It is also not uncommon to cut off the hands of criminals; but in serious cases, and where the culprit has again committed the crime for which he has been once already punished, the tendon of the Achilles [the sinew which connects the heel of the foot with the leg] is cut through. But even here, Runjeet Singh shews mercy; for he allows a pension to all unhappy wretches whom justice has put out of a condition of gaining a livelihood, but not at the expense of others. Although this remarkable man is a man of known courage, he hitherto has not had sufficient to warrant him in abolishing the frightful custom whereby the Lahore women burn themselves upon the funeral pile of their husbands.

With the aid of his confidential officer, General Allard, he has brought his army into the finest state of skill and subordination; but his troops still wear the turban. Duelling is not known in his army; the soldiers settle their disputes with their fists—a far better mode of adjusting differences than that of stabbing, a cowardly means of revenge, and which is spreading rapidly in what is called *refined societies*!—the fist is far more manly than the stiletto.

Runjeet Singh has many expensive tastes, one of which, if fully gratified, would ruin any other than an immensely rich man. He is attached to the chase, as conducted in the East. He has an ardent passion for precious stones and fine horses. He learnt one day that there was a very fine horse in one of the neighbouring provinces, in a part of the kingdom of Cabul not yet brought under

his dominion. Spies were sent out in order to inform the Rajah of the existence of the horse, and the exact spot where it was to be found. These two points being ascertained, a troop of ten thousand men were sent to seize the animal: they traversed many provinces, spent much money, fought their way to the stable of the horse, and did not rest until it was added to the stud of the Rajah. He also obtained possession of probably the finest diamond in the world by similar means. A neighbouring petty king was said to be the possessor of a diamond, which had belonged to the Great Mogul, the largest and purest that was ever known. This of course was coveted by Runjeet Singh, and accordingly he invited the prince to his court, and being master of his person, he demanded his diamond. The king pretended to resist; but after many manœuvres he yielded possession. The delight of Runjeet Singh was extreme; he gave it to a lapidary to mount it; but what was his surprise and fury when the man informed him that this pretended diamond was only a piece of crystal! Runjeet Singh caused the palace of this king to be invested: his soldiers ransacked it from top to bottom. Their researches were all in vain for a long time: at length a slave of the king having sold the secret of his master, the diamond was found among the ashes of a fire. Runjeet Singh has ever since worn it as a trophy of victory, set in a bracelet of gold. On state days he wears, in chaplets round his head, many other diamonds of extraordinary size and beauty. It is said that the jewels of Runjeet Singh are the richest and finest in the world; and the riches and magnificence of his court and palace, the splendour of his travelling equipage, and of all his equipments, exceed probably all that we hear of among oriental princes.

His stature is low, and the loss of an eye from the small pox takes away from his appearance, which, however, is still far from being unprepossessing; for his countenance is full of expression and animation, and is set off with a handsome flowing beard, grey, at fifty years of age, and tapering to a point below his breast. He is now so emaciated and weak as to be compelled to adopt a singular method of mounting the tall horses on which he loves to ride: a man kneels down before him and he throws his leg over his neck, when the man rises with the Maha Rajah mounted on his shoulders. He then approaches his horse, and Runjeet Singh putting his right foot in the stirrup, and holding by the mane, throws his left leg over the man's head and the back of the horse into the stirrup on the other side.—The portrait of the Maha Rajah is from Mr. Princep's work, on the Origin of the Sikh Power, &c., as given in that interesting periodical, the *India Review*, kindly transmitted to us from Calcutta, by its talented editor, F. Corby, Esq.

THE RESURRECTION.

(For the Mirror.)

"So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone, and setting a watch."—St. Matthew, chap. xxvii, ver. 66.

The watch is set,—the stone is seal'd,
And thro' the dewy night,
Wan stars their lustre have reveal'd,
In the blue concave's height,
Shining above earth's misery,
With their unearthly light.

No sound breaks on the tranquil hour,
But in that garden lone,
All dimly on each tree and flower,
The hues of night are thrown,
And silence reigns, the watch is set,—
And the wild crowd are gone.

And they, with measured steps before
The rocky tomb pass by;
They tread the dewy pathway o'er,
Gloomily,—silently,—
And still they see the sealed stone,
Unmoved,—unbroken,—lie!

Why do the strong ones turn so pale,
And to the earth fall down?
With awe and fear their spirits quail,
The tomb is open thrown,
And all too bright to gaze upon,
Is one beside the stone.

His face as heaven's own lightning gleams,
And whiter far than snow,
The floating robe around him seems,
No form of earth they know.
Is the all radiant being there,
And to the earth they bow.

Away! and tell your fearful tale,
To the proud ruler's ear,
'Ere the first streak of morning pale,
Is breaking on the air;—
Away! and tell an angel stands,
And watches for you there!

"Oh grave, where is thy victory!"
No more thy terrors bring,
Her buried Saviour faith can see,
Rise on immortal wing.
The first fruits of a countless throng;
And "death has now no sting!"

Kirtton-Lindsay.

ANNE.

SONNET TO PUNCH.

Not Punch the animating, but Punch the animated.

(For the Mirror.)

HAIL noble Punch! thou of the nose and chin,
The penny-trumpet squeak, and oaken clump,
The fair round belly, and the goodly hump!
Thy merry antics never fail to win
From circling wonderers the delighted grin,
When thou and Judy flisk and dance and jump,
And deal the kiss alternate with the bump,
And music mix with matrimonial din.
Man with his proud philosophy, but apes
Thy stoic bearing. Would I had thy neck
To parry fortune's thrusts—to creep from scrapes
Unscathed!—as thou substantial forms cost
thaw,
So might I battle with aerial shapes,
And scare blue devils as thou scarest the black!

W. L. B.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

(Concluded from page 164.)

LAND-ANIMALS, being surrounded by the atmosphere, may be said to live in an ocean; but they cannot, like fishes, rise up in it at pleasure. Birds can rise to a great height; but they cannot reach the top. The atmosphere is proved to have the common properties of matter, by resisting other bodies that would take its place; as may be seen by putting an inverted tumbler into water; when the inclosed air prevents the tumbler being filled. It is a fluid; for bodies move through it easily, and it presses equally in all directions. The ancients were aware of its properties; for they had great air-guns, and pearl-divers had an inverted pot on their heads. Air has weight and elasticity; and the effects of these properties were formerly ascribed to nature's abhorrence of a vacuum; which is a good expression of a property. As the atmosphere was found to support a column of water only thirty-four feet high, Toricelli thought it would support another fluid only to a height containing the same weight on the same base; and this was found to be the case. Hence the earth supports a weight of air equal to a body of water thirty-four feet deep, or of mercury twenty-nine inches; and we sustain the same weight as if we were at the bottom of a lake thirty-four feet deep. A man supports a weight of about fourteen tons; but as it presses in all directions equally, and the air is freely admitted to the lungs, and other parts in the interior of the body, a man suffers no more pressure than does a wet sponge on being plunged into water. As the barometer changes, however, considerable effect is produced on the human body.

Persons at unusually elevated stations, feel oppression and dyspnea from the attenuated atmosphere. Humboldt, on the Andes, had bleeding from the eyes, gums, &c. Snuasure found that men bear a rarefied atmosphere better than horses. Mules sometimes die suddenly, when driven high up the Andes. It is said that people living in elevated regions are pale, and that their wounds heal slowly. Guy Lussac reached a height of twenty-three thousand feet above the level of the sea; which is the greatest height ever attained by man. His respiration was affected; his pulse accelerated; and his thirst great. No doubt men might be habituated to dwell at an elevation equal to that of Mont Blanc. In America there are cities eight thousand feet above the level of the sea; and Humboldt mentions a hamlet which is placed thirteen thousand feet above it. Others still higher are mentioned.

Intensity of sound diminishes as we ascend; and a deep silence reigns at the tops of mountains. On Mont Blanc, a pistol

discharged makes no more noise than a cracker in a room.

As the atmosphere surrounds the whole globe, if it remained at rest, of course it would settle into a sphere; but from the centrifugal force produced by the rotation of the earth on its axis, the atmosphere must be an oblate spheroid. The greater power of the sun at the equator would assist in producing this figure. Many attempts have been made to ascertain the height of the atmosphere; and it would not be difficult if the atmosphere had everywhere the same density. If it were throughout of the same density as at the surface of the earth, it would be five miles high. It has been proposed to obtain the height of the atmosphere, by the length of the twilight. We see the sun while it is yet eighteen degrees below the horizon; and from that circumstance it is calculated that the atmosphere must be between forty and fifty miles high. One of our greatest living mathematicians calculates that it must be at least fifty miles high. If the atmosphere pervaded all space, it would accumulate around the sun, moon, and other celestial bodies; but Dr. Wollaston found that there was no atmosphere about the sun; and thinks it ceases at a height above the earth where its gravity overcomes its elasticity. But a more effective argument is the decrease of temperature as we ascend; for at a height of about fifty miles, the temperature must be at zero; and there must there be a limit to expansion. Other planets seem to have atmospheres; and there are arguments tending to shew that the sun has one also. The moon has one; but it is much rarer than ours. Dr. Brinkley says it is a thousand times more so.

As we ascend in the atmosphere, we find firs of different kinds clothing the mountains at different heights. In lakes that are within a thousand feet above the level of the sea, pike and perch are found; but not in lakes above that height. This is called the *first* "zone." The *second* zone reaches to fourteen hundred feet; and abounds with the Scotch fir. Oats will not ripen in it; but potatoes and turnips are grown there, though not to a large size. The *third* zone reaches to two thousand two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Its characteristic tree is the birch; which becomes much distorted and dwarfish;—not being, at the upper limit, higher than a man. The lakes abound in chard, or Alpine trout. The *fourth* zone reaches to two thousand eight hundred feet. The *fifth* reaches to three thousand four hundred feet; and has the dwarf birch only a few inches high, and creeping. The *sixth* zone reaches to four thousand feet; and the *seventh* to four thousand two hundred; and is generally covered with perpetual snow; as are all the parts above. There is a bird which is sometimes found in the Alps of

Lapland above the snow-line; and therefore lives higher than any other animal. The Scotch fir, in some mountains of the Pyrenees, may be traced to some thousands of feet above the level of the sea. In this country, we have no mountain that reaches the snow-line; for in order to do that it must be six thousand four hundred feet high; which is many times the height of Arthur's Seat, at Edinburgh;—the latter being eight hundred feet high. N. R.

The Novelist.

THE TIGER HUNT.

(Concluded from page 267.)

TWICE had the old Rajah's jars received their annual tribute of ottar from the valley, and its rose thickets were flushed with blossoms for the third season, when a solitary woman entered the gorge, and bent her way up the path which led to the old man's dwelling. Her features were youthful, but hardened with the impress of strong, severe, and fully matured passions. There was something heart-chilling in the stern, cold look of resolute daring settled upon a face of such transcendent beauty. She paused a moment at the scene of the tiger's death, and when she resumed her course, a smile was on her lips, but it was one of those mocking smiles which distil a bitterness over the whole face. It was fierce and painful to look upon. She reached the Rajah's dwelling, and entered his sleeping-room through the veranda. With a quiet, stealthy tread, she moved across the room, and sat down by the divan where the old man lay asleep.

"Father," she said, in a voice thrillingly sweet, yet which had something in its tone that fell strangely on the ear. "Father, awake—thy child would speak with thee."

The old man started from his repose, and looked with an expression of sleepy wonder upon his daughter. Before he had time to welcome her, she spoke again, as if careless what her reception might be.

"Thy child returns an outcast, old man—her lord has thrust her forth from his heart, and another, a creature beautiful as the sunshine, one of his own people, has taken her place. Shall she not have vengeance?"

The old musselman folded his arms on his bosom, and with his eyes half closed, sat as if unconscious of her presence. "My Lord, the governor, has been very bountiful," he at length muttered, but without looking on the pale, stern creature by his side.

"Has my father received his usual gifts since the Englishman chose a wife at Cutcutta? Will the heart continue bountiful which has wearied of that for which it paid? See, I have brought thee gifts more precious than thou canst ever hope from

him; they were his—why should they not purchase rest to my soul?"

She removed the jewels from her head and bosom, and unclasping the golden bracelets from her arms and ankles, laid them at her father's feet.

The old miser stooped down and clutched the glittering mass in his bony hand. "My daughter has but to speak and her will shall be done," he replied, thrusting the jewels into his bosom, but without lifting his subtle eyes from the floor.

"There is a poison known to my father which is sudden and deadly; but which kills with little pain. I would that in exchange for those gems he give me a flask of this poison."

The Rajah went to a lattice, and pointed to the ravine which we have spoken of as opening into the gap beneath. "Thy father's limbs are getting old, and he dare not trust his secret with a slave; in yonder hollow his child will find small blue flowers, with a drop of gold colour in the heart of each, on stalks which droop to the earth with the slightest touch—let her bring me some of those flowers."

The daughter turned away and went down to the ravine. The flowers grew in small delicate tufts along the crevices of the precipice. She gathered of them, and returned to her father. He received the sweet burthen at her hands, and went out. In about an hour he returned, bearing a small crystal flask filled with a purplish liquid, and carefully sealed.

"Put a few drops of this in his drink, and his death-sleep will soon follow," he whispered, placing it in her hand.

"And is there not enough for more than one?" she inquired with stern impatience.

"For more than one? Allah be praised! there are twenty deaths in that little flask."

"It is well."

The young Hindoo bowed her pale face for a moment, and left the room with the vial grasped tightly in her small hand.

All was silent in the dwelling occupied by the provincial governor. Master and slave were asleep, when a female form might have been seen stealing cautiously through the shrubbery of the garden toward a private entrance. A poor travel-worn creature she appeared in the dim light; her long hair fell in disordered braids over her soiled garments; her silken slippers were torn, and hung in damp tatters from her small feet, and every thing about her spoke of the long and weary road which she had travelled. As she entered the dwelling her step became firmer, but more cautious of sound, and she paused to listen more than once as she traversed the sumptuous apartments. She found the door of the governor's sleeping chamber. Her hand lingered for a moment on the latch, and then she entered. Her

face looked stern and strangely corpse-like, and her eyes had a deadly gleam in their black depths, as she passed by a night-lamp which shed its faint rays through the apartment. She glided with a noiseless step over the snowy matting to a large divan which stood in the centre of the room. A cloud of silvery gauze fell from a canopy over it, and through its transparent folds, the outlines of two recumbent persons were discernible as in a mist. On a small table at the head of the divan, stood a cup of gilded chrysal, containing a night-draught for the sleepers. The midnight intruder drew back the curtain, and with her pale, steady hand emptied a small vial into the goblet. She did not look upon the two persons whose mingled breath floated over her hand, but a shiver ran through her frame as the drapery fell back. The heavy golden fringe and bullion tassels which weighed it to the floor, swept with a grating noise over the matting. It was the only sound that had marked her deadly progress.

The murderess moved to a dark corner, and there, with her pale lips motionless and partly open, and her hands clasped tightly in her lap, sat watching the divan. An hour of intense stillness reigned through the building; then a soft murmur stole from the divan. A delicate form half rose from the pile of cushions—a little hand was extended, and the lifted goblet gleamed through the curtains. The Hindoo clasped her hands till the blood started to the nails, and bent more earnestly forward as the deadly draught was swallowed.

"Will you not drink, love, the sherbet is very cool?" breathed a soft, sweet voice from beneath the drapery. Another form started from the cushions, and the goblet again flashed before the distended eyes of the wretched watcher. She started up, then sunk back with a faint gasp, and all was still again.

A solemn hour swept on, and then a deep groan arose from the couch. A faint, shuddering cry followed, as if heart and limb were rent in twain by a fierce fang. The snowy covering was tossed about among the cushions, and the whole mass of drapery shivered, as in a high wind, from the convulsed writhings of a stout form in its death agony. The large black eyes of the Hindoo dilated fearfully; her lips grew deathly pale, and her face gleamed out in the dim light like the head of a Judith. She neither moved nor seemed to breathe. Another moment of intense stillness, and then death again began its ravages. A small hand clutched the curtain—its fingers worked among the gauzy folds a moment, and then fell heavily down. A sob—one quick, deep gasp—another—and silence reigned as before.

A few minutes passed, and then the Hindoo went to the divan and lifted the drapery

from the scene of death. She gazed on the murdered pair for the space of a moment, and then grasped the goblet and drained it to the dregs, resolutely, and without the least sign of hesitation.

When the attendants entered their master's room late in the morning, they found him lying upon the divan, composed as if in sleep, but dead. A pale, lifeless form lay by his side; one arm was flung over his bosom, and a mass of golden hair gleamed with painful contrast against his ashy cheek. The drapery was rent away from the canopy, and there on the floor, entangled in its folds, as the agonies of death had left her, lay the Rajah's daughter.

LAUREL HILL CEMETERY, PHILADELPHIA.

It has hitherto (observes an American writer,) been the custom among us to bury the dead out of our sight, in the damp vaults of churchyards which the spirit of speculation or improvement may invade in a day; separating the remains of sisters and brothers, or parents and children, from each other, and desecrating the sacred order and decency of the tomb. To prevent as far as possible such distressing scenes, the Laurel Cemetery has been fashioned and adorned. Art and nature will render it pleasing to the most choice and delicate mind: the verdure of spring, the calmness of summer, the many-coloured gorgeousness of autumn will be there; and even the dreariness of winter will be dispelled by the evergreen. The passion for rural repose, may here be indulged to the freest extent. It is this passion which has bent the pious osier over so many tumuli in England; which has embalmed her hoary minsters and solemn cathedrals in perpetual verdure. There the peer, the templar, and the peasant, lie near each other, in the final equality of the grave; and though the mourners of the former may visit them in the vaults of the abbey, beneath the banners they have won, the bard of the latter, as he looks at the place of his rest among his lowly kindred, exclaims:—

"Yet e'en these bones 'om insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh."

"Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,

The place of elegy and fame supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

If such be the influences of rude and uncultured cemeteries, how much more abiding will they be, where the hand of art lifts the urn or the cenotaph, while nature showers her garlands over the mounds of the dead; and around them

"Unfolds her tender mantle green,
And pranks the sod in loving mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between."

W. G. C.

DISCOVERY OF THE TEA-PLANT IN BRITISH INDIA.

(Concluded from page 265.)

NEXT day the leaves are all sorted into large, middling, and small; sometimes there are four sorts. All these, the Chinese informed me, become so many different kinds of teas; the smallest leaves they called Pha-ho, and the second Pow-chong, the third Su-chong, and the fourth, or the largest leaves, Tay-chong. After this assortment, they are again put in the sieve in the drying basket (taking great care not to mix the sorts) and on the fire, as on the preceding day; but now very little more than will cover the bottom of the sieve is put in at one time, the same care of the fire is taken as before, and the same precaution of tapping the drying basket every now and then. The tea is taken off the fire with the nicest care, for fear of any particle of the tea falling into it. Whenever the drying basket is taken off, it is put on the receiver, the sieve in the drying basket taken out, the tea turned over, the sieve replaced, the tap given, and the basket placed again over the fire. As the tea becomes crisp, it is taken out and thrown into a large receiving basket, until all the quantity on hand has become alike dried and crisp; from which basket it is again removed into the drying basket, but now in much larger quantities. It is then piled up eight and ten inches high on the sieve in the drying basket; in the centre a small passage is left for the hot air to ascend; the fire, that was before bright and clear, has now ashes thrown on it to deaden its effect, and the shakings that have been collected are put on the top of all; the tap is given, and the basket with the greatest care is put over the fire. Another basket is placed over the whole, to throw back any heat that may ascend. Now and then it is taken off, and put on the receiver, the hands, with the fingers wide apart, are run down the sides of the basket to the sieve, and the tea gently turned over; the passage in the centre again made, &c., and the basket again placed on the fire. It is from time to time examined, and when the leaves have become so crisp that they break with the slightest pressure of the fingers, it is taken off, when the tea is ready. All the different kinds of leaves underwent the same operation. The tea is now, little by little, put into boxes, and first pressed down with the hands and then with the feet (clean stockings having been previously put on).

There is a small room inside of the tea-house, seven cubits square and five high, having bamboos laid across on the top to support a network of bamboo, and the sides of the room smeared with mud to exclude the air. When there is wet weather, and the leaves cannot be dried in the sun, they are laid out on the top of this room on the network, on an iron pan, the same as is used to

heat the leaves; some fire is put into it, either of grass or bamboo, so that the flame may ascend high; the pan is put on a square wooden frame, that has wooden rollers on its legs, and pushed round and round this little room by one man, while another feeds the fire, the leaves on the top being occasionally turned; when they are a little withered, the fire is taken away, and the leaves brought down and manufactured into tea, in the same manner as if it had been dried in the sun.

In a conversation which Mr. C. A. Bruce had with some Chinese black-tea makers, the following facts were elicited respecting the management of the plant in China:—About a seventh portion of the tea produced in that country grows on the mountains, and a third portion in the valleys. It grows amongst the snow, which hurts it very little. Most of the plants live about fifty years; but some live only ten. They throw off a great number of leaves in the winter, but they always retain some. The Chinese never plant from slips; but always from seeds. The seeds are sown in a hole about four fingers deep and eight inches in diameter, two handfuls of seeds being put into it, and then covered up. Some are sown in November and December, and some in January; and when the rain sets in they come up. If the seeds are good, from a tenth to a twentieth portion of them come up, in general. These plants are very seldom transplanted, and then only during the rains, when from four to six plants are planted here and there, three or four feet apart, on small ridges of earth about a foot high, a hollow space being left between them to allow the rain-water to run off. To prevent the plants being washed away, many trenches are dug, the form of them depending on the ground and situation. No care is taken to shade the plants, though in some plantations they are in the shade for nearly half the day. The leaves of those which grow in the shade have the most juice when rolled, and therefore require more drying in the sun; but those which grow in the sun produce better and more tea than the former. Some China merchants pretend to be able to tell by the smell which tea was grown in the shade, and which in the sun, and give their preference to the latter. The Chinese cultivators weed their plantations twice a year, once in the rainy season, and once in the cold. The plants are fit for plucking in the third or fourth year, according to the soil. In the third year they are from one to two cubits high, but they would grow higher if it were not for the constant plucking. If the weather be warm and fine, and the season has not been a very cold one, the Chinese commence plucking the first crop of leaves in May; the second crop about seven weeks after the first; and the third crop about the same time, or, perhaps, six weeks

after the second. Some cultivators never gather a third crop for fear of exhausting and killing the plants. The quantity of tea which a single plant will yield, varies greatly. Some plants will produce each two rupees' weight, while others produce each a pound and a half; but in the first crop, the produce of each generally averages a quarter of a pound, and in the second crop a little less. Plants which have been cut down and then grown up again, produce twice as many leaves as they would otherwise. The leaves of the Chinese plants are much smaller, and seem to have more juice than the Assamese, although the soil is the same. Tea is manufactured in the same manner in China as in Assam, and in neither country do the manufacturers use anything to give it a flavour. It is not fit to be used until it has been kept about a year; for if drank before then, it has an unpleasant taste of the fire, and it affects the head. It will keep good for three or four years in boxes, from which the air is excluded.

MODE OF EMPLOYING SERVANTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

(For the Mirror.)

The Janizaries.—Turkey.

THE Janizaries, or Janissaries, are the Turkish infantry, and they form the Grand Signior's guard; and are the main sinew or strength of the Ottoman Empire. Their antiquity may be deduced from Ottoman, the first king of the Turks. They were originally composed only of sons of Christians, who were paid as a tribute every fifth year to the Grand Signior, for the liberty of conscience, and were educated in the Mahometan rites, to the end, that forgetting their country and religion, they might know no other parent than the Sultan. This custom has been entirely abolished for many years, and the Janizaries are now composed wholly of Turks; and he who wishes to become one, must, before he is enrolled in the register as such, perform his novitiate, in which station they are called Azamoglans; (for the description of whom see the article under that head, p. 148). Their pay is from one to twelve aspers a day, according to their behaviour. They have besides this allowance, a daily provision, fixed by the Grand Signior. Their dress comprises a linen girdle, girt about the middle of the body, variously striped with gold and silver fringe at the ends; in room of a turban they usually wear a felt cap, with a long hood hanging over their shoulders: on particular occasions they deck their *Tarcola* or cap, with a quill full of long feathers tied on the forepart. Their arms, in war-time, consist of a sabre, and carbine, and a cartouch-box, hanging on their left side; and at Constan-

tinople, in the time of peace, they carry in their hands merely a staff. In Asia, for the most part, they wear a bow and arrow, with a poniard, which they call a *baniare*: formerly they enjoyed such great privileges throughout the empire, and were so highly respected, that many persons prevailed on the officers, through bribes, to make them pass for Janizaries, which exempted them from the payment of taxes. They seldom marry, though they are not prohibited from so doing, being then sure never to be promoted. Some years since, when they committed any great crime, the offending party was either privately strangled or drowned. Some of them are very exemplary, and live more like religious persons than warlike soldiers.

C. P. S.

ST. GEORGE.

THE following ancient legend of the tutelar saint and patron of England, is from the *Legenda Aurea*, preserved in the British Museum:—"Saynt George was a knyghte born at Capadose. On a time he came into the province of Libya, to a cyte whyche is sayd Sylene, and by this cyte was a stayne or ponde lyke a sea, wherein was a dragon whyche envynemmed alle the contre, and the people of the cyte gave to him every day two sheep to fede him, and when the sheep fayled, there was taken a man and a sheep. Thenne was an ordaniunce made in the toun, that there should be taken the chyldren and yung peple of them of the toun by lotte, and that it so happed the lotte fyl upon the Kynges daughter, wherof the Kyng was sory, and sayle, for the love of Goddes, take golde and silver, and alle that I have, and let me have my daughter; and the peple sayd, how, syr, ye that have made and ordayned the lawe, and our chyldren be now dead, and now ye wolde do the contrarye; your daughter shall be gyven, or else we shall brenne you and you holdes. When the Kyng saw he might no more doo, he began to weepe, and returned to the peple, and demended eight dayes respite, and when the eight dayes were passed, thenne dyd the Kyng arraye his daughter lyke as he should be weeded, and ledde her to the place where the dragon was. When she was there Saynt George passed by, and demanded of the ladye what she made there; and she sayde, go ye your wayes, fayre young man, that ye perish not also." The legend then relates that the dragon appeared, "and Saynt George, upon his horse, bore himself against the dragon, and smote him with his spere, and threw hym to the ground, and delivered the ladye to her fader, who was baptized, and all his peple." It says further, "that Saynt George was afterwards beheaded by order of the Emperour Dacien, in the year of our LORD 287," and concludes, "This

bleessed holy martyr. Saint George, is patrone of this roiaume of Englonde, and the crye of men of warre, in the worship of whom is founded the noble order of the garter, and also a noble college in the castle of Wyndesore, by Kynges of Englonde, in whyche college is the harte of Saynt George, whyche Sygismunde, the Emperour of Almeyne, brought and gave for a gr-at and precious relique to Kyng Harry the Fifthe; and also the sayd Sygismunde was a broder of the sayd garter; and also here is a heyre of hys hede; whyche college is nobly endowed to the honour and worship of ALMIGHTY GOD and his blessed martyr Saynt George."

Arts and Sciences.

THE BUDE LIGHT.

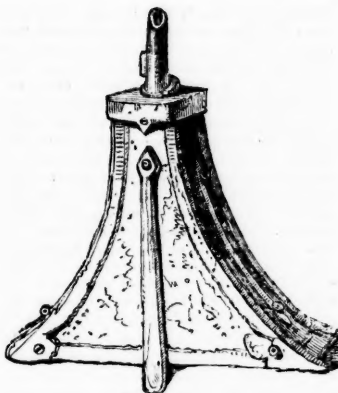
MR. GURNEY'S adaptation of the Argand lamp, supplied as usual with oil, to the combustion of oxygen gas, is equally remarkable for ingenuity, simplicity and effectiveness. *Pure oxygen gas is introduced in lieu of common air to feed the inner surface of the flame*: this is the general principle of the adaptation, and in itself sufficiently simple,—but the scientific arrangement of means, has required indefatigable exertion during three years, so as to satisfy that rigid scrutineer, Mr. Faraday.

One result of this patient course of trial, deserves particular mention. To obviate the perpetual *choking* by deposits of carbon, the oxygen-feeder is formed analogously to the elementary form of flame.—This form is conical, and so also is that of the deposited carbon.

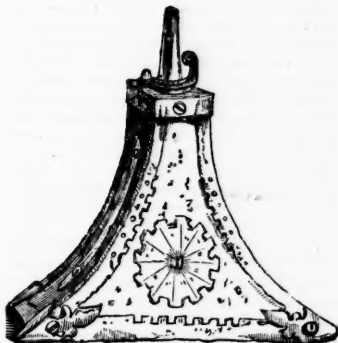
A specimen of this light may be seen at the *Polytechnic Institution*, Regent Street; and it will, at once, be conceded that Mr. Gurney's aim in fitting this new disposition of flame for *Light-Houses* has completely succeeded; for within $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. we now have a compressed light $2\frac{1}{2}$ times more brilliant than that of the Argand, and intensely reflected to the *greatest possible distance*.

The mere mechanical contrivances to render the supply of oxygen perfectly safe, are not less worthy of admiration than other parts of Mr. Gurney's plan. As to the cost,—the New Light has a decided advantage—for the oxygen reduces the consumption of oil two-thirds, creating at the same time its *entire consumption*. Thus,—the long red flame produced by common lamps, is compressed *one half* on the introduction of the oxygen, and becomes an intense white light.

The mariners of England, nay Englishmen generally, cannot be too grateful to Mr. Gurney for the practical result of so many beautiful and scientific combinations. M.*



Front View.



Back View.

AN ANCIENT POWDER FLASK.

A FEW years since, a chimney-sweep was employed to clean a chimney in a house occupied by Mr. Chipperfield, High Street, Canterbury, nearly adjoining the Chequers Inn, spoken of by Chaucer, as being the resort of the Pilgrims on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral; and after he had been in his sooty abode for some time, fears were entertained for his safety, and it was intended to break a passage through into the chimney to rescue him, but on this project being carried into effect, the little urchin made his appearance through another apartment of the house. It having soon been found necessary, from the dilapidated state of the premises alluded to, to remove the chimney, when an apartment was discovered, evidently intended, from its situation, to contain fire-arms and other weapons used in those troublesome days, which the ancient City of Canterbury have formerly so unfortunately witnessed; and in this apartment four ancient Powder Flasks were discovered, one of them being that of which we have given the above representation: it is made of wood, and the ornaments of steel. It is now in the possession of Richard Friend, Esq. of Canterbury.

We are indebted to the kind attention of Mr. Ward, bookseller, of Canterbury, for the drawing and particulars of the above curious antiquarian relic.

THE NEW ART.—PHOTOGRAPHY.

(Continued from page 263.)

HAVING in our last number presented our readers with a concise and impartial account of the origin and principle of the art of photography, we shall now proceed to furnish them with every information respecting the

several processes necessary for the various applications of it. For the sake of convenient reference we shall arrange the subject under several different heads.

1.—How to prepare the Photographic Paper.

The photographic inks (as we may call them,) required for this purpose consist merely of *separate* solutions of common salt* and of nitrate of silver.† Mr. C. T. Downing, by a tabular exposition of the atomic numbers of these two substances which are subsequently to be brought into contact (*on the paper*.) for the purpose of exact mutual decomposition, shows us that the relative proportions should be *thirty grains of nitrate of silver to one ounce of distilled water, and ten grains of common salt to one ounce of distilled water.*

Sir J. Herschell observes that, in the *carbonate of silver, nitrate of silver, and acetate of silver*, the acids (*carbonic, nitric, and acetic*;) being more volatile than in the *chloride*, they adhere to the metallic particles by a weak affinity, and therefore impart much greater sensibility to the paper on which they are applied. The *nitrate of silver* should be *perfectly neutral*, for the least excess of nitric acid in it diminishes the susceptibility of the paper in a remarkable degree.

Pour the solution of common salt into a dish, and immerse each sheet of paper in it, and saturate every part of it by means of a sponge. The paper must then be taken out, drained of its superfluous moisture, and nearly dried by pressure between clean linen or

* Common salt is *chloride of sodium*, usually called *muriate of soda*.

† "Nitrate of silver is prepared by immersing silver in a glass vessel containing one and a-half times its weight of nitric acid, diluted with an equal bulk of water, and evaporating the solution to dryness."—(Reid's *Elements of Practical Chemistry*, 1831, p. 385.)

white blotting paper. When the paper is dry, sponge one side of it with the solution of nitrate of silver, and do not omit to have the corner of that side marked with a pencil, so that when the paper is fit for use the prepared side may be distinguished. Hang the sheets of paper upon lines in a dark room to dry, and when they are nearly free from moisture, let their marked sides be once more sponged over with the solution of silver, and then be permitted to dry thoroughly. The sheets of paper must be preserved from the light by being wrapped up in several sheets of brown paper, or kept close in a portfolio until they are wanted for use.

Note.—When too much salt has been used in the solution, the paper is less sensitive, and gives but a faint representation. This may be rectified by silvering the paper again, and drying it as before. The paper should be prepared by candle or gaslight, after daylight is withdrawn. "This paper," Mr. Talbot observes, "if properly made, is very useful for all ordinary photogenic purposes. For example, nothing can be more perfect than the images it gives of leaves and flowers, especially with a summer sun: the light passing through the leaves delineates every ramification of their nerves."

2.—To prepare another kind of Photographic Paper.

Sponge the surface of superfine smooth writing paper with the above solution of nitrate of silver, and then dry it before the fire; then sponge it with bromide of potassium, and dry it as before; and then, again, sponge it with the solution of nitrate of silver, and dry it as before. The great difference in this receipt is, that common salt is altogether dispensed with, and in its stead is used the bromide of potassium. According to Mr. Downing, nearly *twenty-one grains of the bromide of potassium* should be dissolved in an ounce of distilled water, if the proportion of the nitrate of silver to the water be, as in the former receipt, thirty grains to an ounce.

Mr. Talbot says that this kind of paper is very sensitive to even the feeblest daylight, but insensible to radiant heat, and, therefore, undergoes no change in drying before the fire. He adds that it is first of a pale yellow colour, but on exposure to the light it changes to *bluish green*, olive green, and finally becomes *almost black*. Mr. Downing, however, says that besides its not becoming so black as the former kind of photographic paper, the shadow it receives is more liable to change after washing it with the iodide of potassium for the purpose of *fixing* or retaining it, a process of which we shall speak hereafter. But so sensitive is this kind of photographic paper, that, when exposed to broad daylight (but not to sunshine,) the

time it took to receive a distinct impression from the light was repeatedly observed with a second's watch, and found to be sometimes two seconds, and sometimes three. At five o'clock in the evening, a piece of it was placed perpendicularly in a camera obscura, the lens being turned towards the window, and a picture of the bars was obtained in six minutes. Shortly after sunset, when there was even less light, a piece of this paper being exposed near a window, became sensibly changed in colour in from twenty to thirty seconds. M. Biot, wishing to ascertain whether the change of colour was in any degree influenced by the paper itself, spread some of the solutions of nitrate of silver and bromide of potassium on a piece of white unglazed porcelain, taking care to operate by night, and to dry it in the above manner at the fire, thus obtaining a solid coating upon the porcelain, which he then shut up in a dark place. On the following morning he took it out, and found it of a pale sulphur yellow colour, and, although the weather was then very cloudy, yet he had no sooner presented it to the daylight at an open window looking north than it turned green, and it soon afterwards became nearly black. Wishing, also, to know whether the preparation would succeed equally well if not dried at the fire, he *mixed the two solutions together* in a darkened room. A precipitate fell, which he spread on a porcelain plate, and allowed it to dry in the dark. The next day he wrapped it in several folds of paper, and brought it into another room, to exhibit its original pale lemon yellow colour to a friend; but on removing the paper covers it instantly became green, and he had hardly time to present it to the light of a window looking to the north, before its colour had changed to *dark olive green*, after which it almost immediately became black.

3.—To take Photographic Drawings of Landscapes, Trees, Buildings, Sculpture, &c.

Provide yourself with a common camera obscura,* having a lens of 5, or not more than 6, inches focus. Then place a piece of cardboard in the box, a little beyond the true focus of the lens, and when you have succeeded in getting a well-defined bright representation (which will of course be *upside down*;) upon the card, let the camera rest perfectly still. Then place a piece of the photographic paper immediately in front of the card, close the lid, and let it remain so for at furthest half an hour, but for a few minutes if the sun be strong. A beautifully accurate outline of the object will thus be received on the photographic paper. It is

* A camera obscura quite good enough for the purpose may be purchased at almost any optician's shop for three or four shillings.

obvious that if the objects are not perfectly still they cannot be copied accurately.

4.—*To take Photographic Copies of Prints, Manuscripts, Dried Plants, &c.*

Place the subject on the marked side of a sheet of photographic paper, and put a clean plate of good window glass over it to press it close, and then let it lie unmoved and exposed to the light until the discolouration has ceased. If the subject copied be a print or a manuscript,* this first copy will be a reverse representation, exhibiting a transposition of the lights and shades of the original picture, and white letters instead of the dark ones in the manuscript. Mr. Havell having attempted to copy Rembrandt's powerful etching of an old man reading, found that the photographic proof made a most ludicrous metamorphosis, for, instead of a *white man with black hair*, it exhibited a *black man with white hair and white eyes*. But to obtain precise copies, a very simple proceeding is requisite, and which for convenience sake we shall term

5.—*Correcting the Shadow.*

To do this, place the first photographic copy, or photographic proof, over another sheet of photographic paper, put the plate of glass over it, and expose them, as before, to the light. This second drawing, and all others obtained by substituting the photographic proof, will exhibit the lights and shadows again transferred, but in their proper places, as in the original engraving or manuscript.

(To be continued in our next.)

GILDING OF THREAD FOR EMBROIDERY.

This process is thus described by Reaumur as practised in his time. A cylinder of silver, 360 ounces in weight, is cased with a cylinder of gold at most 6 ounces in weight. This cylindrical mass of 366 ounces of metal is then drawn by a powerful force through a series of circular holes in a plate of steel continually diminishing in diameter, until it attains the state of a wire so thin that 202 feet in length weigh but the sixteenth of an ounce: the whole length of the wire into which it is now drawn being 1,182,912 feet, or about 98½ leagues. This wire is then passed between rollers, which in the act of flattening it elongate it one-seventh, and its total length thus becomes 112½ leagues. The width of

* Engravings and manuscripts of which photographic copies are required, must have no printing, writing, or other marks on the back of them, because such marks will also be copied, and thus produce confused representations on the paper. Mr. Talbot observes that, to make photographic copies of manuscripts is so very easy, and each copy takes so short a time, that he thinks it may prove very useful to persons who wish to circulate a few copies of anything which they have written, more especially since, if they can draw, they may intersperse their text with drawings, which shall have almost as good an effect as some engravings.

the flattened thread is now $\frac{1}{10}$ th of a line, or $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch; and supposing, with Kenner, that a cubical foot of gold weighs 21,220 ounces, and a cubical foot of silver 11,523 ounces, it may readily be calculated that the thickness of this gilded thread is very nearly the $\frac{1}{100}$ th part of an inch. Now what is the thickness of the plate of gold which envelopes it? Calculating on the same principles as before, we readily arrive at the conclusion, that the thickness of this plate of gold is $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch. Now gilded threads are made by a process similar to this, in which only $\frac{1}{10}$ th the proportion of gold is used. There is spread over these, therefore, a continuous plate of gold less than the two-millionth part of an inch in thickness. The silver may be taken out of its gold case by plunging the thread in nitric acid, by which the silver will be attacked through the extremities of the gold case and dissolved, whilst the gold will remain untouched by it. This being done, and the hollow gold case being examined, it is found to be a perfectly continuous plate, and to possess in this state of extreme attenuation all the sensible and all the chemical properties which belong to the metal.—*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

Biography.

ROBERT MILLHOUSE.

This talented author, scarcely known to fame, and not at all to fortune, was born of poor parents, at Nottingham, the 14th of October, 1788; and was put to work, when he was only six years of age; and at ten he was set to work in a stocking frame. It appears that his taste for poetry was developed when he was 16 years old, by reading, when at the house of a friend, on a statue of Shakspeare, the inscription,—

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples," &c.

the beauty and solemnity of which excited in him the highest admiration. In 1810 he enlisted into the Nottingham Militia, and had not been long in that, to him, novel situation, before he made an attempt at composition. "I was," says his brother, "agreeably surprised one day, on opening a letter which I had just received from him, at the sight of his first poetical attempt, 'Stanzas addressed to a Swallow,' which was soon followed by a small piece written 'On finding a Nest of Robins.' Shortly afterwards the regiment embarked for Dublin, from whence, in 1812, he sent his brother several of his effusions, but few of which have been published. Being now desirous of ascertaining whether any of his productions were worthy of being printed, the *Review* was selected for that purpose; and in this paper the productions of this ill-fated Child of Genius first appeared. In 1814 the regiment was disembodied, and he again re-

turned to the stocking frame, and for several years entirely neglected composition. In 1817 he was placed on the staff of his old regiment, which was then called the Royal Sherwood Foresters; and in the following year he became a married man. The cares of providing for a family now increasing his necessities, he turned his thoughts to publishing, and, not having sufficient already written, he resolved to attempt something of more importance than he had hitherto done; and in February, 1819, he began the poem of "Vicissitude." By the end of October, 1820, poor Millhouse completed his work, which was approved of by Col. Cooper Gardener, who, with those kindly and benevolent feelings by which he was so much distinguished, exerted himself to promote the welfare of the poet, and succeeded in procuring the valuable patronage of the late Duchess of Newcastle. In 1832, he gave up the labour of the loom, and applied himself to composition; and, his first wife dying, he was left with five children; but through the kind assistance of Mr. Wakefield, some other friends, and that excellent institution, the Literary Fund, he was enabled to provide for his family. The fate of the poet is now shortly to be told; he struggled hard to maintain a large family, and produced several volumes of poetry, which bear the impress of genius, strong talent, and a reflective and discriminating mind. The assertion that he was for some time previous to his death in a state of destitution, is contradicted by the *Literary Gazette*, which says, that he lived in a very comfortable house, decently furnished; and though naturally anxious, yet he never suffered privation or want. He was an eccentric man, of an unbending disposition and irritable temper.—He died on Saturday, April 19th, 1839, leaving a wife and seven children, in indigent circumstances; but, we trust, not without friends, who will rescue them from want and penury.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

A PRETTY hand and a pretty foot always go together—when we speak of the one we always think of the other. For this reason, stepping on a woman's foot is equivalent to squeezing her hand, and equally proper, but sometimes more convenient, as it can be done under the table. Be careful, however, never to attempt it at a crowded table for fear of making a mistake. We once saw a lady very much confused, who was trying to give a signal to a gentleman opposite, and instead of his, she trod and pressed on the corn-covered toes of an old bachelor. He bore it as long as he could, and then very quietly remarked, "Madam, when you wish to step on a gentleman's toes, be particular and get the foot that belongs to him—for the last five minutes you have been jamming my corns most unmercifully."

CADIZ.

CADIZ still bears on her shield the effigy of Hercules grappling with two lions, 'Gadis Fundator Dominatorque.' The fancy of a herald is all that remains of his substantial power, while Venus his foe, the Omphale, the Dalilah of strength and reputation, rules, and will rule, triumphantly in Cadiz, so long as the salt foam, from whence she sprang, whitens the walls of her sea-girt city.

These walls offer the first resistance which breaks the heavy swell of the vast Atlantic. The waves undermine them while the Spaniards sleep. They have gained much ground since the days of Pliny, and are a continual source of anxiety and expense.

New Books.

Cheveley, or the Man of Honour.—By Lady Lytton Bulwer. Edward Bull.

['CHEVELEY' is the story of an amiable, accomplished, and beautiful woman, married to a self-engrossed, pedantic, shallow coxcomb, and of the natural consequences of such an ill-assorted union. The bad treatment of the wife by the husband, and her unhappiness, as these are too conspicuous to escape the observation of intimate acquaintances, lead on the part of one of them, to commiseration for the sufferer; and commiseration under such circumstances very soon merges into love. But in this instance the lover is a 'man of honour,' not in the modern sense—one who first seduces his friend's wife, and then is willing to kill the said friend in a duel, by way of satisfaction,—but a 'man of honour' properly so called, one who yields obedience to a purer and sterner law than that of self-gratification. And the lady, too, albeit not unsusceptible of pretty compliments, still less of the value of genuine affection, is withal sincerely a woman of virtue. The authoress, therefore, with due regard to the demands of poetical justice, generously so frames her story as to let the ill-natured husband break his neck, at a juncture when the reader can afford to part with him without any severe tax on his sympathy; and then, as a matter of course, there being no other "let or impediment," the 'man of honour' is forthcoming, and "what oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed," is uttered in the ear of the consolable widow, and meets with the desired reception in the acceptance of the usual proposals.

As novels go, this is as good a foundation for one as need be, but in the work before us, the conduct of the story is evidently subordinate to another and quite a different purpose; and, therefore, beyond the expression of our opinion, that in Cheveley there is ample evidence of smartness and general cleverness, an estimate of the writer's talent in that line

must be reserved until she shall devote herself *bona fide* to a work of fiction.

After the "buz" which preceded and accompanied this publication, it can be treated as no longer a secret, that Lady Bulwer is understood in the guise of a novel to disclose the painful realities of her own experience. In law we are told that there is no wrong without a remedy, and we could wish it were true also in morals; but in the case of domestic disagreements that is notoriously otherwise; and many a wrong goes undressed, and many a sufferer uncomiserated, through the want of discovery of some principle by which the truth in such cases might be ascertained. We heartily wish that Lady Bulwer had discovered such a principle, but in reading 'Cheveley' the conviction is forced upon us, that whatever purpose that novel may serve, it is wholly objectionable in regard to the one professedly intended. Living characters very thinly disguised, figure throughout the work, and often but little to their advantage; but the reader's mind knows not on what to fix as truth, nor what to reject as the adornment or disfigurement of fiction. There are a hundred things alleged against the De Clifford of this story. Is the whole true, or is half, or a quarter? or which half or which quarter? No answer can be satisfactorily given, and the conscientious reader is compelled to condemn that injudicious compound of the real with the fictitious, by which both lose their proper attributes, and the end of neither is attained.

In the following extract we steer clear of the staple of the story, and give it merely as illustrative of the authoress's style.]

The Climate and Seasons of England.

For my own part, there is to me an indescribable charm in the calm, the quiet, the soft, the cultivated, and, above all, the home look of English scenery, which neither the gorgeous and Belshazzar-like splendour of the East, the balmy and Sybarite softness of the South, the wildness of the West, nor the frozen but mighty magnificence of the North, can obliterate or compensate for. England (the country, not the people) is merry England still. There is a youth about England that no other country possesses, not even the new world, for there the vast and hoary forests, the rushing and stupendous torrents—all seem like Nature's legends of immemorial time. It has been beautifully said, that the world of a child's imagination is the creation of a far holier spell than hath been ever wrought by the pride of learning or the inspiration of poetic fancy. Innocence that thinketh no evil; ignorance that apprehendeth none; hope that hath experienced no blight, love that suspecteth no guile;—these are its ministering angels, these wield a wand of power, making this earth a para-

dise. Time, hard, rigid teacher—reality, rough, stern reality—world, cold heartless world; that ever your sad experience, your sombre truths, your killing cold, your withering sneers, should scare those gentle spirits from their holy temple:—and wherewith do you replace them? With caution, that repelleth confidence; with doubt, that repelleth love; with reason, that dispelleth illusion; with fear, that poisoneth enjoyment; in a word, with knowledge, that fatal fruit, the tasting whereof, at the first onset, cost us paradise. And the same almost may be said figuratively of English scenery; it has none of the might and majesty of maturity, none of the worn and rugged look of experience, none of the deep and passionate hues of adolescence; all its beauties are the cared for, watched over, cultivated, open, smiling, innocent, continually progressing, and budding beauties of childhood; the very mutability of its climate is a sort of childish alternation of smiles and tears; the repose of its smooth and verdant lawns, is like the soft and velvet cheek of a sleeping child; the sweet and fairy-like perfume of its green lanes and Hawthorn hedges, is as pure and balmy as the breath of childhood. "England, with all thy faults," and in all thy seasons, "I love thee still!"

When Spring from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose,

I like to hunt for those yellow cowslips, and those pale primroses, till I fancy earth has its stars as well as heaven; but the year soon outgrows its infancy, and the innocent wild violets no longer child-like roll along the green; for when

The bee goes round to tell the flowers 'tis May,

then come those stately nymphs, the blooming lilacs and the graceful acacias, "waving their yellow hair;" but they, like all beauties, alas! have but their day; and are succeeded by rich, blushing, pouting summer, making, with its roses and its cherries, every boy and girl sigh for love of it. After which one feels more sober and sedate, and the golden harvests, and matronly housewifery of autumn, is more attractive; but, these too, with all earthly things, must pass away—the year, like man's life, "falls into the sear and yellow leaf," and for hoary winter's artificial fires, we must turn to the hearts of our own homes.

MUSK.

It is said that a grain of musk is capable of perfuming for several years a chamber twelve feet square without sustaining any sensible diminution of its volume or its weight. But such a chamber contains 2,985,984 cubic inches, and each cubic inch contains 1000 cubic tenths of inches, making, in all, nearly three billions of cubic tenths of an inch. Now it is probable, indeed almost certain,

that each such cubic tenth of an inch of the air of the room contains one or more of the particles of the musk, and that this air has been changed many thousands of times. Imagination recoils before a computation of the number of the particles thus diffused and expended. Yet have they altogether *no appreciable weight and magnitude*.—*Moseley's Illustrations of Science.*

SOPHIA TO HER LOVER.

I WISH, Horatio, to discover
Whether the sweet spring flowers you send
Bespeak the homage of a lover,
Or offering meet from friend to friend.
Say whether, in this wreath—your love
Those rose-buds blushing disclose,
Your constancy these lilies prove,
And truth among these violets blows?
To-morrow—and the violets spoil,
To-morrow—and the rose-buds fade.
To-morrow—and the lilies soil,—
Truth, love, and constancy—decay'd!
Faint emblems! never to be worn
Near hearts, that know not how to range,
Back to the giver, I return;
Ere they are faded—thou wilt change!

HER LOVER TO SOPHIA.

WHEN forth I went these flowers to cull,
Thinking, not of myself, but thee,
I gather'd the most beautiful,
And this was my soliloquy:—
Spotless the lily, as her mind,
This bud, like her, lovely in youth,
These modest violets, design'd,
Fit emblems of her faith and truth,
I twined the wreath for thee.—Return'd,
The flowers lie near me in decay,
Wither'd and drooping, as they mourn'd,
All harshly to be chid away.
New wreaths will other springs restore—
New suns bring fresher flowers to view—
But love, frail flower, despoil'd—no more
Will springs restore—will suns renew?

From Blackwood's Magazine.

KYANISED WOOD.

[We have received a letter from Mr. Handley, relative to the notice of the Kyanised Wood, mentioned in No. 945 of the *Mirror*; and in justice to that gentleman we here insert the following substance of it.]

To the Editor of the Mirror.

SIR,—With reference to Dr. Moore's statement of experiments upon Kyanised wood, (see *Mirror*, p. 253) permit me to inform you, that although Kyan's process was never offered as a preventive against marine animalculæ, yet it has most triumphantly repelled their attacks. It should not be concluded that, because in a few places the prepared specimens used in Dr. Moore's experiment were merely dotted with *Limnoria*, they would in a few more months have destroyed the wood. Had they remained exposed to the influence of the salt water as well as the *Balani* and *Fustrea*, for seven years, they would have been found perfectly sound; or if animalculæ were found, they would not have been deeper than one inch, and that only where from some cause

the solution had not properly acted upon the wood.

The gas of the kreosote spoken of in your extract from Barrow's *Life of Lord Anson*, (*Mirror*, p. 255) has been repeatedly tried, and has always been found eventually to rot instead of preserve the wood. With respect to his statement that Kyan's patent only penetrates *skin-deep*, I can assure you that the largest log of wood can be thoroughly saturated with his solution, in one day, by means of the hydraulic press.

CHARLES HANDLEY.

Lower Heath, Hampstead,

DEMOLITION OF THE CHELSEA BUN-HOUSE.

WE are not aware of any event that has caused, of late, more regret in the antiquarian and topographical world, than the demolition and sale of the Chelsea Bun-House, which after having enjoyed the favour of the public for more than a century and a half, has been doomed at length to fall under the hammer of the auctioneer, in consequence of the expiration of the original lease granted to the late Mrs. Margaret Hand, and to make way for the projected improvements in this part of Chelsea.

This event having been announced by our previous publication, it became known throughout London and its environs, and for several days previous to the sale, the collector and antiquary might be seen vending their way towards this celebrated temple of *Apicius*, whose hospitable doors and colonade had for so many years afforded shelter, rest, and refreshment to the visitor and grateful traveller.

On the morning of the sale, long before the auctioneer made his appearance, the room became literally stopped up with collectors, brokers, and amateurs, all seeming anxious to get a glance of Aurengzebe, the handsome grenadiers, the Duke of Cumberland, the paintings, or some other ancient relique.

When the auctioneer took his station at the table, the rush was so great that it resembled the pit of Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatres on the first night of a new performance, and there could not have been less than three hundred persons assembled on the spot upon this occasion.

Mr. Haines made some prefatory, pleasant, and pertinent remarks upon the grotesque appearance of the place and the motley assembly, and then he called on the curious articles in the following order:

No. 17. Two lead figures—grenadier guards presenting arms:—sold for £4. 10s.

Upon examining these beautiful specimens of ancient military costume, the white horse of Hanover appears on the front of the cap, which determines their date to be of the time of George the First; they are admirably executed.

No. 18. A figure of the Duke of Cumber-

land on horseback, in proper colours, and seven Plaster Casts, sold for £2. 2s. Bought by J. B. Nichols, Esq.

The two preceding articles were purchased by Mrs. Hand of Mr. Thompson, a celebrated collector, more than a century ago.

No. 19. A whole-length portrait of Aurengzebe, second son of Cha. Gahan, Great Mogul, who imprisoned his father, and seized the throne, in 1600. He was a very warlike prince, and conquered the kingdoms of Decan and Golconda. We have no certain information when this curious picture first came into Chelsea; nor is the painter known. It sold for £4. 4s. Bought by C. Crewe, Esq.

No. 20. An antique eight-day clock, in a long Chinese case, sold for £2. 12s. 6d.

No. 24. A model of an interior, in a glazed case, over the door. This was an exact model of the interior of the ancient Bun-house, ornamented by various figures, turned by a vertical movement with birds. Sold for £1. Bought by J. B. Nichols, Esq.

No. 25. A Political Subject: very old painting: 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 4 in.

Upon a partial cleaning, this appeared to be a highly-finished and fine picture, and represented either George II. and his Queen Caroline, or Frederick Prince of Wales and his Princess; among the many figures was certainly Earl Bute: the figure of Time in the foreground was finely painted; the whole of what could be discerned was vigorously coloured: the artist was unknown; but certainly it was very Hogarth-ish. Most likely it was by John Collet, who painted many pictures in the manner of Hogarth: he lived and died in Chelsea. It was sadly mutilated, and fetched only £2. 10s.

In one of the other paintings, nailed up against a door, was a portrait of Miss Chudleigh, as she appeared at Ranelagh Gardens.

No. 26. A Garden Engine, of the date 1742. Sold for £1. 15s.

No. 27. A curious and elaborate model of Ratcliffe Church, in a glass case. Sold for £2. 2s. probably on account of the glass case.

No. 28. A small brass mortar on a carriage, very ancient. Sold for £1. 2s.

No. 30. Ten curious old wood-seat chairs. Sold for £3 13s. 6d.

No. 31. A rail-backed elbow garden-chair, shewn in our engraving of the interior of the Bun-House. Sold for £1 17s.

The whole of the curiosities and buildings produced £140.

It may be observed, that a greater part of the curiosities that had been collected by the elder Mrs. Hand, and which ornamented the interior, had, since her decease, gradually disappeared; thus, in latter times, the interior of the fabric presented only the shadow of what it was in its pristine state.

During the prosperous times of the late Mrs. Margaret Hand, upwards of two hundred

and fifty pounds have been taken on a Good Friday for buns, the making of which were begun more than three weeks before the day of sale, in order to prepare the necessary quantity for the public demand; they were kept moist, and were re-baked before being sold.

During the palmy days of Ranelagh, the neighbouring Temple of Fashion and Pleasure, the Bun-house enjoyed a great share of prosperity, which very much fell off upon the termination of that institution, and it continued to decline while under the management of the late occupier; notwithstanding, it appears that he sold on last Good Friday, April 18th, 1839, upwards of 24,000 buns, which consisted of the following quantities, viz.:—eight sacks of fine flour, butter, sugar, and new milk. The sale of which produced upwards of one hundred pounds.

The old building, which has been taken down and cleared away in the space of four days, is not destined to lose its name, for immediately upon its site a new Bun-house will be erected, of a handsome elevation. The lessees, who have taken the ground of the Marquiss of Westminster, intend that the new building shall be ready for occupation in the course of a few months, and this improvement, when completed, will form a handsome addition to the appearance of Grosvenor Row, and will evince that the lessees are determined not to be behind their neighbours in the modern improvements of this interesting vicinity. We hope shortly to be able to present our readers with a view of the Chelsea New Bun-house.

COCHIN CHINA.

It would appear that the kingdom of Cochin China exhibits despotism in its worst forms. The only rich man is the king; he has fine palaces, large treasures, excellent fortresses, and vessels far superior to the navy of the Celestial Empire. The officers share little in this splendour, but are the mere puppets of one man. The nation at large is in the most squalid condition, poor, wretched, and filthy in the extreme, and forced to give one-third of its labour, or an equivalent, to the king. Few have more than a bare subsistence, and even if superior industry would enable them to amass a little property, the mandarins would soon take possession of their trifling hoards. Yet this country professes to be under the transforming influence of the Celestial Empire, and to be imbued with the true principles of civilization. Confucius is there as much coned as in the Celestial Empire, and, notwithstanding the many radical notions of the sage, many of the people labour under grinding tyranny. It is really extraordinary that a monarch, who, by sending down his ships to the Straits, and even to Calcutta, and thereby giving a practical proof that he is fond of commercial

intercourse, still proves hostile to ships which visit his ports. Though fear is at the bottom of all this, yet, if he would only take the trouble to survey the state of the world, for which he has the most ample means in his well-stored library, he would find little reason to fear an attack upon his paltry dominions. It is as if all the nations which use the Chinese character had combined to exclude all the remaining part of the world from friendly intercourse, and, whilst living like spiders, abhor the contaminating influence of foreigners. Though China still professes more enlarged views, especially when compared with Annam (Cochin China), Japan, and Corea, yet it shows its inconsistency, that, whilst admitting the merchant, it forbids all exchange of thought between the flowery native and the outside barbarian. The court of Hue, however, acts more considerably, and, whilst carefully keeping its subjects from all contact with the far-travelled adventurers, it has scrupulously collected all possible knowledge of the west in the records of the palace. Thus we may find the works of Buffon, with the latest treatises upon tactics, the best geographical works, with maps and charts, while a steam-boat anchors at the water part of the royal abode. Taoukwang might as well follow the example of his southern brother, and give, at the same time, his subjects the advantage of obtaining a more liberal idea of things in general.—*Canton Press, Oct. 6, 1838.*

The Gatherer.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas ! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten !—*Nicholas Nickleby* No. xiv.

Among the many antiquities lately discovered in excavating the ground for the foundation of the new Houses of Parliament, were the skull of an ox of an undescribed species, and also a large bough of a nut-tree, with several nuts upon it, in the highest state of preservation.

The Abyssinians, (says Haaselquist,) make a journey to Cairo every year, for the purpose of disposing of the products of their country ; namely, slaves, gold, elephants, drugs, monkeys, and parrots. They had to travel during these journeys, over immense deserts. In 1750, the Abyssinian caravan, consisting of

upwards of a thousand persons, having consumed the whole of their provisions two months before they had reached their destination, were compelled to search among their merchandise, for something to support life in this extremity ; and, having found a considerable quantity of gum Arabic, they lived entirely upon it until their arrival at Cairo, without the loss of many people, either by hunger or disease. W. G. C.

In Malta, small birds, ensnared for the purpose, are kept to free the houses of the intolerable pest of flies, during the summer-season ; and by their diligence and activity they are pretty successful, affording no little amusement to the frequenters of some of the crowded *cafés*, by the capers they cut in the pursuit of their prey.

Erratic Blocks of Granite.—Mr. Laing, in his tour through Sweden, Denmark, and Lower Germany, observes, that insulated blocks of granite, and of other primary rocks, are found in immense quantities covering the surface of those countries ; but that no clue has yet been discovered as to their origin.—On this subject the German geologists are wholly at fault.

Singular Wager.—In consideration of ten guineas received by me this second day of July, 1771, of Francis Salvador, Esq., I promise for myself, my heirs and executors, to pay unto the said Francis Salvador, Esq., his heirs or assigns, the sum of one hundred guineas, that is to say, in case John Wilkes, now alderman of London, shall be hang'd. £105.

THO. ROCHE.

A Retort.—Count Soissons, one evening at play in a large company, happened to cast his eye upon a looking-glass opposite to him, and saw a well-dressed sharper cut off the diamond drop from his hat ; he took no notice, but pretending to want something in another room, desired the man to take his cards, which he did. The count stole softly behind him, with a sharp knife in his hand, and cut off one of his ears, and holding it up to the company, said, "Return me my diamond drop, sir, and I will return you your ear."

In London there are 227 houses for the reception of stolen goods ; 276 for the resort of thieves ; 1,781 houses of ill fame, and 221 lodging-houses for beggars. The thieves, depredators, and suspected persons, are divided into three classes—it appears of the first class in the Metropolitan Police district, there are 10,444 ; of the second, 4,353 ; of the third, 2,104 ; making altogether, 16,901.—*Parliamentary Report, 1839.*

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